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# the COLLECTOR

A Current Record of Art, Bibliography, Antiquarianism, Etc

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## THE WORLD OF COLLECTORSHIP

I RODE down town the other day on the elevated road beside a middle-aged German, who looked like a respectable beer-saloon keeper. He had half a-dozen canvases of the twelve by eighteen inch schedule, nailed together with slats, between his knees, and a couple more, wrapped in a newspaper, in his lap. We got into conversation, and I found that my neighbor was one of the geniuses who supply the cheap picture factories with stock. The material he had with him represented two days' work, and he was to get a dollar apiece for the productions. He told me with no little pride that there were men and women who painted for twenty-five and fifty cents a canvas, but he would never go under a dollar, that being little enough when he had to buy his own colors. And the canvases? Oh, he said, they came from the factory. The dealer stretched cheap muslin over an ordinary show-card strainer, glued a newspaper over the muslin and gave it a coat of sizing. Then it was ready to paint on. He had painted as many as ten "pictures" in a day, but he really could not "do them justice" at that rate. Five or six were the limit for a just day's work. He painted landscapes and animals. There was no money in figures, and —. Just then we struck Chatham Square and he went out, bending under his load of low art, with a polite brakeman telling him to hurry up.

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And this is the end of the auction-picture business, by which many a clever painter of to-day earned the first dollars which made art possible for him. How well I remember the old days when the auction-picture dealers had their big circuits out of New York and Philadelphia every season, and set up their sales as regularly as the years came around! There was money in the trade for them then, and, in its way, for the painters, too. They paid from five to twenty-five dollars apiece for pictures, according to size and artist, and never got less in the aggregate than a hundred per cent above the cost of picture and frame. Some of their sales were real triumphs, and if they had kept the money they made they would all be rich, but the mania to buy foreign pictures possessed them, and all the money they made out of native art they lost by investing it over the water. Instead of building up a legitimate business with American pictures of a better class, they only sold American pictures in order to buy foreign ones; and as they didn't know what they were buying they burned their fingers every time. There are auctions of cheap pictures still. I was in at one on Broadway yesterday, but the stuff that they sell is the sort my German friend paints. You stand no show of running against the work of an incipient genius at them. The clever young man who would have painted auction-pictures then, now draws on wood, makes decorative designs, or gets a living out of the magazines, studying painting in his spare hours, and saving every dollar he can to carry him to Paris or Germany. I know one youngster who spends his entire time from breakfast till dark studying, and at night till midnight drawing for publications, and who has thus supported himself for two years and laid by almost enough to keep him for the three years he proposes to spend in the Paris schools. Fifteen years back he would have been painting pictures for the auction dealers and earning a bare living. The various outlets for artistic talent which time has provided have assisted the auction dealers themselves in killing their business, by rendering it possible for the painter to live without manufacturing pot-boilers for the auction rooms. The shanghai-shops of Chatham Square alone hold out with the daubs that they buy for a dollar apiece, or less.

The business of the old-time auction dealers was an honest one of its kind. They did not offer counterfeit wares, but simply sold cheap art for what they could get for it. Their place to-day is occupied by such pot-bellied frauds as "Colonel" Gross, and such expert manipulators of queer canvases as Spiridon & Co., who are just now tangled up with the Custom House, and the art they vended is replaced by forgeries from abroad, or made at our own doors, of the works of European artists whom success has crowned. These rascals offer you bad copies or imitations of living painters like Detaille, Vibert, and others, as genuine, at bargain figures, and if you are sufficiently gullible they provide you with galleries of masterpieces at which a studio cat would laugh. It will probably be found that much of the stuff they are accused of smuggling into the country is of this order. So they stand between two fires. If they can prove that they did not swindle the Custom House, because the works they passed were cheap copies instead of costly originals, they can only do so by admitting that they swindled their customers by selling them these forgeries as genuine. There is no question that a great quantity of the high art which the Treasury Department detectives are hunting for in the cases of "Colonel" Gross and of Spiridon & Co. is fraudulent. It would be an easy trick to honestly enter such artistic garbage as copies at a low figure and sell it afterwards at the market scale of the *bona fide* works of the men imitated. But from what I know and can learn I am inclined to believe that a great mass of this swindling stock is now painted in this city. The fact is that the Paris police have been after the local forgers of pictures by living artists with a sharp stick of late, and have made their trade too risky to be profitable, and it would not surprise me in the least to discover that the "original" source of supply of Spiridon & Co., for instance, had been transferred from Paris to West Twenty-second street in New York City.

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The moral of the whole matter is simply that he is a wise man in his generation who does not expect too much for nothing, and that the collector who purchases pictures from a dealer of responsibility, or from a private collection of known authenticity, may have to pay more for his art, but will be safer of securing real art for his money, than he who listens to the siren-song of a "Colonel" Gross and succumbs to the illimitable productiveness of a Spiridon & Co.

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The demand for old masters continues with us. Modern art is not discounted by it, it is true, but ancient art, so long contemned, is now receiving a share of the justice due it. What is good of it sells well. What is of unimpeachable quality commands almost its own price. In museums and in private collections, the acquisition of old pictures augments. The Dutch school leads in popularity. The Flemish has a share of the cake. French art of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is commencing to come in, and collectors cast an eye of favor upon English art of the last century, too. A brief review of some of the most notable collections of the older masters owned in this country will serve to illustrate the drift of taste in this line.

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The old masters owned by Mr. H. O. Havemeyer, of this city, for instance, include: Rembrandt, "Le Doreur," from the Morny Collection; "The Treasurer" and "Portrait of an Old Woman"; Pieter de Hoogh, "Dutch Interior"; Frans Hals, Portraits of

Scriverius and of his wife; Albert Cuyp, "The Artist Drawing from Nature"; Peter Codde, "Dutch Interior," all from the Secretan Collection. From the Demidoff Collection he has Frans Hals's portrait of his son, Rubens's portrait of Spinola, Jacob van Ruysdael's "Castle and Cascade," a marine by Renier Zooms, or Zeeman as he was better known, from his love of sea subjects, a "Young Woman" by Caspar Netscher, and an interior by Jacob Ochtervelt; and from the Sellar Collection a marine by Jan Van der Capelle. From the Rothan Collection Mr. Havemeyer obtained his "La Petite Boudeuse" by Greuze, "A Lane" by Cornelius Huysmans, "A Dead Calm" by Jan van Goyen, "The Smoker" by Teniers the younger, the portrait of Jan Niclaez Cael by Antonio Palamedes, "Le Flamand Grivois" by Van Ostade, and a portrait of a gentleman by Pourbus the younger. His "Flute Player," by Teniers, was from the Papin sale, his "Portrait of a Man" by Cuyp is from the Pillet Collection, and other of his representations of the older schools include a Teniers, "Interior of an Inn"; Van der Neer, "Moonlight"; Gainsborough, a male portrait; Metz, "A Young Dutchman"; Van Ostade, a "Flemish Scene"; a "Piazza San Marco," by Guardi, and a Madonna by Marco Basaiti from the Piot sale. It may be remarked of Mr. Havemeyer's old masters that they are, with scarcely an exception, in magnificent condition and of the finest representative quality, in only a very few instances having even been touched with the impudent brush of the restorer.

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Mr. C. T. Yerkes, of Chicago, is the possessor of a very considerable number of old masters, some of which are of fine quality. Others would not, perhaps, bear the test of scrutiny as to the integrity of their condition. The best of Mr. Yerkes's collection of old pictures are: "Lookout on a Dutch Canal," by Van Goyen; "Head of a Young Girl," from the de Morny Collection, by Greuze; two Venetian views by Guardi; a "Fruit and Insects," by Jan de Heem, from the Rothan Collection; "The Church of Brerderode," by Myndert Hobbema, from the Dr. Jackson and Scarisbrooke collections; a "Dutch Canal by Moonlight" by Aart van der Neer; an Isaac Van Ostade, "Interior of a Stable," from the collections of Alderman Levy in London and Baron Buernonville in Paris; a Paul Potter, which once belonged to the Earl of Kilmorey; an old man's head, by Rembrandt, from the Demidoff collection; two heads of Apostles by Rubens; "The Hunting Party," by Wouvermans, from the collection of the Duchesse de Berry; a composition of figures and animals under a tree by Adriaen van der Velde; "The Baptism of Christ," by Tiepolo, from the Scarisbrooke collection; "The Guard Room," by the younger Teniers, which was once owned by Lord Ailesbury and is described by Waagen; "The Siesta," by Jan Steen, from the collection of M. Smeth van Alpen, Rotterdam, 1810; the Everett collection, 1886; the British Royal Academy, 1886; collection C. Sedelmeyer, 1889; which is described in Smith's Catalogue Raisonné, and in Dr. Waagen's "Art Treasures in Great Britain," and by Rembrandt, a "Philemon and Baucis," mentioned by Dr. Bode in his catalogue of certified genuine pictures by Rembrandt; described in Smith's "Catalogue Raisonné," and mentioned in Dutuit's "Œuvre Complet de Rembrandt."

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Mr. Henry T. Chapman, Jr., of Brooklyn, has, apart from his collection of modern pictures and those of the French school of 1830, upon which he chiefly concentrates his attention, an example of Richard Wilson of unsurpassable quality, a "Sunset Landscape" with figures. This picture is known to have been at one time in the collection of Sir Joshua Reynolds, at the sale of which it passed into the hands of Lord Fownes. This collector was a bachelor. He died suddenly in his town house in London, and his valet plundered the house and fled. He was traced to America with his plunder, but here track was lost of him. For some sixty years the Wilson lay unrecognized till its present owner discovered it by chance. Two masterly canvases by George Morland strengthen the English school of the past in Mr. Chapman's collection—one a single figure of a "Shepherd Boy" and the other an elaborated composition with half a dozen figures, "At the Inn Door." He owns a brilliant and beautiful "Descent from the Cross" by Pieter van Bloemen; a noble landscape in the neo-classical style, with figures, by Nicholas Poussin; one of the finest and most characteristic specimens of Lancret that may be seen on this side of the Atlantic, and two Jan van Goyens, of which one is a perfect masterpiece and the other a very superior work. In Mr. Chapman's collection, other of the older masters are powerfully represented by Greuze, Salvator Rosa, Jacob van Ruysdael, Hobbema, and other of the masters and disciples of the Netherlandish school, to whose art he was originally attracted

by the evident influence it had exercised upon his favorite painters of the great revival period in France, of whose works he was one of the first purchasers in this country, and of whose productions he possesses some of the finest examples on the continent.

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A Chicago collector who has gathered some old masters of interest is Mr. P. C. Hanford. His collection is headed by a Rembrandt, called "The Accountant," from the collection of Sir Joshua Reynolds, 1795; and the collection of Chas. Hardman, which has been engraved by W. Humphrey. Another prize picture of Mr. Hanford's collection of old masters is the portrait of Philip II, by Titian, from the Marlborough collection; and his gallery includes a Nicolas Berghem, of landscape and figures, "Cavaliers on the Road in Holland," by Albert Cuyp, from the Demidoff collection, a fine Van Goyen "On the Banks of the Meuse," a "Man with the Jug," by Adrian Van Ostade, "The Merry Couple," by Jan Steen, a "Wooded Landscape," by Ruysdael, a "Tavern Scene," by the younger Teniers, and a "Fleet at Anchor" by Willem van der Velde. Of Pieter van Slingelandt Mr. Hanford owns "The Hermit," once in the Duke of Somerset's gallery and purchased at the Duke of Hamilton's sale; a fine "Portrait of an Ecclesiastic," by Hans Holbein the younger, and a Murillo "The Immaculate Conception," which has the provenance of such collections as those of Count Altamira and M. Coesvelt, which was exhibited in London at the British Institution in 1863, and at Burlington House in 1871, and which was engraved by Joubert when it was in the Coesvelt Gallery in 1835.

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Mr. C. Lambert, of this city, possesses the five masterpieces of Teniers from the Secretan sale, called "The Five Senses," and a superb Van Ostade called "Interior of an Inn."

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Mr. Charles Stewart Smith, of the New York Chamber of Commerce, has in his collection "Two Little Girls in a Landscape," by Thomas Gainsborough; "Landscape with Figures," by Jan Van Goyen, from the collection of Max Kahn in Paris, which has been engraved by Leopold Lowenstam; "Innocence," by Greuze, from the collection of Count Clary; two Venetian subjects by Guardi; "The Psalm Singer," by Frans Hals, which was in the Buernonville collection and has been etched by Champollion; Rembrandt's "John the Baptist," which has belonged to Lord Palmerston and to Lord Mount Temple of Broadlands, and which is recorded by Dr. Bode and by Dutuit; a "Landscape with Figures" by David Teniers the younger, which is on record in Smith's Catalogue and in Dr. Waagen's "Art Treasures of Great Britain," and comes from the Ailesbury collection, and by the same artist "The Jolly Toper," from the Marquis de Rochefort collection; a Ruysdael, "The Bridge near Brederode," and a masterly still life by Jan Davids de Heem.

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Mr. Morris K. Jesup, of this city, owns a noble pair of Rembrandts, portraits of a man and of a woman respectively, a peerless forest scene by Myndert Hobbema, and "The Banks of the Meuse," by Salomon Ruysdael, from the Secretan sale.

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The greatest Rembrandt in the west is owned by Mr. James W. Ellsworth, of Chicago. It is the "Portrait of a Man," which was in the collection of the Princesse de Sagan, and which has been splendidly etched by Marcelin Desboutin. It was secured for Mr. Ellsworth, in one of the capricious moods of the eccentric Princess, by Mr. Durand-Ruel. Through Mr. Durand-Ruel, also, Rubens' splendid panel, "The Triumph of the Church," passed into the possession of Mr. J. W. Wade, of Cleveland, O. Mr. Ellsworth has, since the purchase of the Rembrandt, added several other sterling examples of the old Netherlandish masters to his collection, which is otherwise made up exclusively of works by American artists, all of the first quality.

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The Art Institute of Chicago owns a fine Cuyp, a portrait of the painter's father, and the portrait of Philip IV by Velasquez, from the Secretan sale.

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Two Chicago collectors, Mr. Charles L. Hutchinson and Mr. Ryerson, possess, out of the Demidoff collection, examples of: Hobbema, "Landscape with Mill," by Rembrandt, "A Girl," by Jan Steen, "Family Concert," by Van Dyke, "Portrait of the Princess de Sieveris," by Terburg, "Guitar Lesson," by A. Van der Velde, "Meadows," "Marine," by Van der Neer, "Skaters," by Van der Capelle, "Marine," by Ruysdael, "Landscape with Marsh," by Teniers, "Corps de Garde," by W. Mieris, "The

Happy Mother;" by A. Van Ostade, "The Jubilee;" and by Frans Hals, "Portrait of Heilhuysen." These gentlemen, who are indefatigable and generous collectors, have added largely to their galleries recently, with an especial bearing upon the Dutch school, as indicated by their taste in the foregoing list. They are men of judgment, and their gatherings in this line are of note.

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Mr. John G. Johnson, of Philadelphia, whose collection of modern art is probably the finest in that city, has secured a few pictures of the older schools which are of exceptional merit. An important feature among them is the fine Van der Capelle marine, from the Rothan sale.

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Mr. James E. Scripps, of Detroit, owns a fine Rubens, "Abigail Meeting David," from the collection of M. Meyer, Rotterdam, and the collection of Paul Methuen, which was shown at the Exposition des Cents, Chefs d'œuvres, in 1883, and was in the Secretan collection. It is described in Smith's catalogue. Apart from this work are to be recorded the eighty-five pictures by the old masters presented by Mr. Scripps to the Detroit Art Museum, among which are some veritable masterpieces. This collection was fully enumerated in THE COLLECTOR of May 1, 1891.

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There are some fine old masters in the galleries of the New York dealers. One is the majestic Rembrandt called the "Portrait of Joris de Coulery," imported by Boussod, Valadon & Co., and fully described by me in this paper. This house has also two superior examples of David Teniers the younger, bought from the Codman family in Boston, by whose ancestors they were procured from Le Brun, director of the Louvre in 1796. In that year he shipped them to a Mr. Codman in Boston. They are described in Smith's "Catalogue Raisonné" as follows:

"An interior with five figures; the nearest of them is seated on a tub filling his pipe; his companion, also seated, is on the further side of the table lighting his pipe with a match. A pot of embers and a paper of tobacco are close to him. Two other persons stand behind, and a fifth is turned to the wall. Engraved by Lempereur under the title 'Amusements Flamands.' Formerly in the collection of the Comte de Clermont.

"The nearest of these (four men and one woman) to the spectator is an elderly man, sitting in a chair, smoking his pipe, which he has just lighted with a match that he still holds in his hand. His companion, also seated, is on the further side of a little table, leaning back against the wall and puffing the smoke out of his mouth. A jug and a pot of embers are on the table. The remaining three figures are in the back of the room smoking and drinking. Engraved by Lempereur under the title 'Les Délices des Flamands.' Formerly in the collection of the Comte de Clermont."

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At the private residence of Mr. William Schaus are some matchless canvases, including Rembrandt's "Portrait of an Admiral," Rubens's "Portrait of His Wife," Ruysdael's "The Squall," Frans Hals's "The Herring Seller," a portrait of a woman by Albert Cuyp, a portrait of a man by Cornelius Janssens, and a winter scene by Jan Van Goyen. At Cottier & Co. and Lanthier's are more masters, some of the purest fire and the haughtiest pedigree, and at the American Art Galleries is the Rembrandt of the San Donato and Secretan sales, "Man Buckling on His Armor."

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To pass from the dealers to private collections which have recently made accessions, Mr. William T. Walters has placed on view in his Baltimore galleries a "Venice," by Turner, of the supremest style; Mr. Robert Garrett has hung his Rubens, after the usual trouble with the pig-lead brains of the Custom House, and Dr. Reuling, of the same city, has added to his gallery, already fully described by me, a beautiful Hobbema and a fine Paul Potter from Germany; and from the collection of an old Bavarian family of the nobility a beautifully preserved Franz Hals, representing a laughing peasant-boy, which is considered by the best connoisseurs a most characteristic example of the master. Although Dr. Reuling has concentrated his attention upon the collection of pictures by the painters of the Low Countries, he has also, incidentally, acquired a number of works of other schools. Among these I may note a fine battle scene by Il Borgognone, representing, on a canvas 46x30 inches, a conflict between Turks and Austrians; an Andrea del Sarto, of supreme quality, 22½x27, showing Joseph of Arimathea supporting the dead Christ; a "Feast of Bacchus and Venus," by Nicolas Coypel, and a companion piece, measuring 13½x18, and a wonderfully beautiful Ghirlandajo, a "Virgin and Child," a circular composition, 34 inches in diameter, and simply glorious in color and delicious in feeling.

For some time past, the works of Watteau have been rising on the tide of favor with European collectors. Last season his "L'Occupation Selon l'Age," a fine example, well preserved, was sold at Christie's for \$27,300. Another painting by him, not in as good condition, went for \$18,375. The extent of his popularity among English amateurs was even more emphatically demonstrated at the James sale, when a large collection of his studies was dispersed. Eighty-two drawings fetched a little over \$24,000, some of the specimens selling for as much as \$1,100 each.

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There is justice in the remarks of Mr. W. W. Story, the sculptor, uttered in Rome the other day: "The Chicago Fair Commissioners, while here, found the authorities most willing to respond to their requests, but nothing definite has yet been done. The great obstacle to foreign artists sending exhibits to Chicago is the heavy duty on such works. American artists agree that the tax is unjust if it is intended for our protection. We not only do not want to be protected, but we feel that the tax is invidious. I twice offered a formal petition to the Government, signed by all the American artists, begging Congress to repeal the tax, but without avail. It is not known here whether the expenses of sending works of arts to Chicago will be paid partly or whether vessels will be sent to convey them. This it is very important to know. I doubt whether much will be sent if the burden is laid solely upon the artists." This matter of duties and transportation ought to be clearly defined by the World's Fair management without further loss of time.

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Mr. Charles D. Wright, of Englewood, Ill., has issued a prospectus of an etching by Arthur Dawson after a picture, "The Ship in Distress," which is ascribed to Jean Francois Millet. The original is in the Wright family collection to which it came through purchase at a New York auction sale in 1859 by Mr. A. D. Wright. The claim to authorship is based on the name "Millet," which is written on the stretcher, and on Millet's own description of a shipwreck which he witnessed at Cherbourg, which is printed in Sensier's book.

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Another massive antiquarian discovery has been brutally shattered. Last December it was announced that a find of ancient Assyrian tablets bearing cuneiform characters had been made in Montcalm county, Michigan, in a mound. The Oriental Club, of Philadelphia, examined into the prizes last month, the question of their genuineness having been submitted to Dr. Daniel G. Brinton. The examinations of Dr. Brinton and Dr. Morris Jastrow demonstrated that the treasures were spurious, having apparently been faked up by some ingenious rogue with the assistance of the Phœnician, Egyptian and other alphabets to be found in the back part of Webster's Dictionary.

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It is with decided gratification that one may note the revival of interest in the mezzotint. This is not only because it brings us new examples of a noble art, but that it calls general attention to the masterpieces of the past, so long the exclusive prizes of a comparatively few print collectors. From the time when Ludwig von Siegen made his first experiments, and Prince Rupert, in the intervals of fighting in the field and flirting at court, improved upon von Siegen's idea, until the decline of the process with the deaths of Earlom, McArdeil, Turner, Valentine Green and the other great mezzotinters of the eighteenth century, the art produced a long series of great works. Its modern application has not yet reached the lofty level of the art when in its prime, but from season to season the published plates show a progressive improvement, which is an earnest that we shall yet see the mezzotint on the first-line of reproductive arts.

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The Brazilian envoy at Washington, Senor de Mendonca, has a house full of pictures, largely by the old masters. Some are undoubtedly authentic and valuable works. Others would admit of question, and many are not worth questioning at all. Dr. de Mendonca now reports the find of a portrait by Franz Hals, in this city, the story of which is worth telling at any rate. He had gone down into a dark cellar under an auction room to find something with which to clean off some pictures he had bought upstairs. The man went into the second cellar, and the collector, following, saw over in the dimness of a dark coal bin, a large canvas on a broken stretcher. He picked it up. A burnt hole was in the corner. He brushed off some of the dust and caught a glimpse of one end of a freely painted moustache. "A Franz Hals or I never saw one,"

he thought. Another wipe at the inch-deep coal dust and he became positive. "What is this?" he asked of the attendant. "Nothing, only a picture of a New York alderman," was the answer. Dr. De Mendonca gave the man \$4 for it, and when the man insisted it was too much, said he should be ashamed to have it known that he paid any less for it. On cleaning it the F. H. monogram of Franz Hals was found. The chief charm of this story may be found by the initiated in the fact that an employee of an auction room hesitated to take as much as he could get from a customer, and that this occurred, too, at Leavitt & Co.'s.

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The Brooklyn Art Club has made an excellent exhibition for itself at the Art Association galleries, on Montague street. Over two hundred oils, water colors, pastels and pieces of sculpture constitute the display. The majority of the works shown are from the hands of members, and among the most noteworthy are the ten contributions, in oil and water colors, by Mr. Wedworth Wadsworth. There is a delicate poetic feeling and a quiet grace of expression in Mr. Wadsworth's work that seduce the eye insensibly, until one finds oneself returning to it for another look. The collection includes thoroughly representative examples of George H. Bogert, Richard Creifelds, Childe Hassam, B. West Clinedinst, Elliott Daingerfield, J. Alden Weir, W. Verplanck Birney, Frederick Remington, C. Harry Eaton, Charles Mente, W. H. Snyder, and other artists located in New York City, as well as of Mr. Fred J. Boston, W. Hamilton Gibson, Eugene de Camps, S. M. Barstow, and others who have set their easels up across the river.

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The charming house of the Boston Art Club has been opened for its annual exhibition of oils, with upwards of 200 pictures. This is the forty-fifth exhibition the club has made, and it does its predecessors no discredit. Especially good work is shown, my Boston correspondent writes, by I. H. Caliga, in a fine interior "Chess Players;" by Edmund C. Tarbell in an equally striking exterior, "In the Orchard;" and by "Bad News," by Robert W. Vonnah, powerful in true pathos and sound in execution. Other artists whom he marks as worthy of special note are Philip Hale, "Hope and Faith;" Eleanor Norcross, "Portraits of the Misses X—;" Helen M. Knowlton, a portrait of Thomas Chase; marines by W. F. Halsall and canvases by Clifford P. Grayson, Charles Warren Eaton and Arthur Dow.

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One of the most useful books ever compiled for a book lover or collector was "Allibone's Dictionary." The most painstaking of compilations, however, is necessarily never quite complete. Moreover, even while such a work is in preparation for the press, the field it harvests in is widening. So, Allibone, invaluable as he is in his three stout volumes, is not absolute when one comes to refer to him. To supply the gaps in Allibone Mr. John Foster Kirk has compiled a supplement, uniform in size, comprising two volumes of nearly 1,600 pages, with an enumeration of over 37,000 authors not included in the first. The supplement, like the original Dictionary, is issued by the J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia, from whom prospectuses may be obtained.

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The catalogues of Mr. William Hutt, 3 Hyde street, New Oxford street, London, are always interesting in their contents and generally moderate in their prices. Readers of THE COLLECTOR who collect books and do not receive Mr. Hutt's lists will do well to have their names entered on his address book.

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Georg Lissa, Wilhelmstrasse 91, Berlin, has issued a stock catalogue of eighteenth century literature which shows some choice items of French and English facetiae, as well as valuable standards in all languages.

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An historical exhibition illustrating the technical methods of the Reproductive Arts, with special reference to the photo-mechanical processes of the present day, is now open in the Print Departments of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and will close on March 6. The period covered ranges from the fifteenth century, and each subject is illustrated with prints and the plates, tools, etc., with which they are produced. The collection altogether is one of extraordinary interest and of great educational value. While in itself an object lesson upon the reproductive arts of the clearest character, the exhaustive descriptive catalogue which has been made by Mr. S. R. Koehler, supplements the exhibits with a historical and explanatory treatise which may well serve as a permanent hand-book on the subject. Beginning with the older processes, Mr. Koehler traces the development of the

various methods of engraving step by step to the photo-mechanical processes of the present. It is difficult to see how the work could be made to more completely cover the field. The terseness and lucidity of the descriptive matter, moreover, renders the catalogue readily comprehensible without the presence of the objects indicated. Mr. Koehler is to be congratulated upon this latest addition to the series of admirable and valuable art books which he has given to the public—a series which has had very much to do with the advancement of the general art interests of the country by its influence in arousing public interest in them.

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When he attempted to establish, in the *American Art Review*, a journal of a high but not transcendental character, that should appeal to and elevate the intelligent mind without wearying it with mere theories or leading it astray by extravagances and affectations, Mr. Koehler did a work which deserved better than befel it. It was too good for its day, however. The time was not yet ripe for it, and after a brief existence of a couple of years at most, the best art magazine ever issued in this country passed out of publication. As art critic of the *Mail and Express* of this city, in the days when that now Pharisaical burlesque on journalism was yet in intelligent and self-respecting hands, Mr. Koehler gave us some of the most just, intelligent and valuable art criticisms that have appeared in the American press. His great work on etching, issued by Cassell & Co. some years since, is a monument to the honor of himself and his publishers. In the many works he has edited, compiled and created, the same characteristics reveal themselves. To attempt anything, however slight, is with him to do his best, and his best has those essential qualities of useful art criticism and art writing in general, superiority to prejudice, indifference to fads and affectations, and plain English, that all who read may understand.

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Traveling by rail last week, I sat behind a lady and gentleman who represented the average intelligent American public. Among the devices they had to while away time with were some periodicals, and among those one well known in the field of art. They had read and discussed the other literature in a way that convinced me that they were two sensible people, with no small fund of original thought, when they resorted to the art magazine. The lady commenced to read, then fluttered over the leaves, took another shy at them, and laid the book down. "It's no use," she said. "I suppose I am stupid, but I can't make out these art criticisms. Why don't somebody get up a dictionary so that a fellow can understand what is written about pictures, as well as we can understand the pictures themselves?"

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I left that lady and gentleman reading a couple of cheap library imprints, and wondering, like them, why? Until some such convenience is provided, the average art criticism might, indeed, be as well written in Chaldee as in English. Why cannot a critic say what he means, so that others who are not critics may understand it? That is, provided he means anything serious, which I often doubt. Everyone probably knows Lever's story of the Irish village wit, who, whenever he was cornered in a dispute, would launch all the big words he knew or could invent at his opponent, and fairly gibberish him out of the field. In the same way, I am frequently forced to conclude that the average American critic stuns his readers with meaningless slang and empty lexicographical thunder in order to cloak his own ignorance and absence of original ideas.

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If this is not the case, then he deserves the reprobation of the whole public, whose confidence he imposes on by abusing his position. The critic should be a teacher to the public as well as to those he criticises. There is a species of cant in vogue in the studios which is perfectly understood there. Artists speak of qualities, tones, values, and so on, just as musicians talk of keys or themes, or litterateurs of subjects and methods of treatment. Among artists these terms are current legitimately, because to people who understand them they represent facts which would otherwise probably require a sentence or a paragraph to describe. But a critic, writing equally for the outside public as for the inside one, ought surely, at least, try to write so that the majority of his readers could understand him. When he not only does not do that, but doesn't even know how to use the slang of the studios properly, he ought to retire from the business altogether. When, as is only too often the case, his criticisms are mere rehashes of the opinions of genuine and competent critics, overloaded with verbiage in order to disguise their pilfered identity, he is simply an impudent plagiarist, which is just about what the majority of our most pretentious writers and lecturers on art are.



There has never been and never will be a more honest or more able critic in the realms of art than Theophile Gautier. In the mind of this great writer and splendid man, art held supreme sway. He was, in himself, a poet and a romancist. The man who is these two in any eminent degree is a twin to the greatest artist who ever put brush to canvas, for it is of nature that poetry and romance, like art, are born. To commence with, no man can be a competent art critic who does not love art for its own sake. If he does love it, he will search its secrets out. These discovered, his love is bound to find a tongue to speak with. When it does speak it will not speak falsely. It will try to convert others to its own opinions. To do so, it will employ the simplest and most straightforward terms of addressing the unregenerate. When Gautier criticised a picture he employed no dictionary; he sought out no abstruse words to give importance to his utterances; he made no elaborate effort at style, as in his poems and stories. In good, plain, honest French he told you and me what he thought of this picture, and why he thought it. He not only criticised, but he described; he not only saw a picture before him, but he saw nature beyond it, and, like an honest man, allowing for the artist's tastes, he compared the translation with the original. And every one of Theophile Gautier's criticisms is a poem. To the picture of the artist's brush he added one with his pen. He claimed no honor for it. He wrote what he knew and felt, and left the immutable justice of time to decide the value of his opinions. To the end of time his opinions will have their value as those of one of the comparatively few men whose consciences have controlled their brains; whom nature had gifted not only with intellect but with a moral sense which forced them to make just use of their intelligence. No personal feeling ever actuated Gautier to an adverse criticism. He had his enemies personally, but professionally none. He was a true critic and a model one, because he knew what he was criticising, and believed what he wrote. His only errors were those of friendship, and even these were never glaring, because he was too honest to puff an unworthy object. An honest man, a just man, a noble one, the finger-marks of his strong and righteous hand will rest on the heart of art long after the wounds of the puny pen-stabs which have pricked it will have healed, and long after the purchased friendships of these mercenary pens will have ceased to be friendships at all.

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As to Gautier's disposition to good-nature, I don't believe there can ever be an absolutely just critic of anything in the line of creative art. We are only human beings, one and all, and subject to the weaknesses of humanity. To have a friend is to desire to benefit him; and however honest we may be in doing justice to a foe, we are just as likely to stretch a point in a friend's favor. If my enemy is an honest man, says a Gautier to himself, I would be a knave to deny his honesty. If a man I don't like paints a great picture; I would degrade myself by permitting my personal feeling to blind me to this professional merit. But when it comes to doing justice to a friend's work, the venial sin of moral short-sightedness is likely to overtake me. I see not only the picture, but the man at work; and my dissection of it may be tempered, and is likely to be by my knowledge of the effect it will have on him. Shall I stab this sensitive heart, knowing it to be so? Honestly, I ought to; for I do not hesitate to impale the weaknesses of men no tie binds me to, and who may be equally sensitive. But, humanly, I don't. I temper my praise, but I do not utter any blame. That is the weakness even the most honest of critics is not above, and it is the weakness none will be above as long as any personal ties unite the censor and the people he sits in judgment on.

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But this weakness has only a minor influence in the broad field of criticism. After all, it only extends a little unmerited praise to a few weaklings, or refrains from blaming those to whom blame would be but breaking the butterfly upon the wheel. The great evil in our own criticism is ignorance in the first place, and lack of honesty in the second. There are critics, not only in art, but in all walks, who don't know what they are criticising, and others who do know, but whose opinions are swayed by circumstances. Between these two, fashions come to be set up. One man permits himself to be convinced by somebody else, against his own convictions, because he is not fortified by real knowledge. That one who has no convictions at all, takes his cue from the other. To these the worship of a name is always safe. But they never pick an unknown name out on its merits. Ability may have a friend at court to make favor for it with them. But without this influence they will not search it out. Patient merit sits gnawing its sad heart in obscurity till accident does for it what men who should do

not. How often do not the public find a man out whom the critics have contemned? But once he is found out, the critic drifts with the tide, and is the foremost and most sycophantic of the worshippers of the genius he spurned.

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True criticism, like true art, must be based on intelligence and knowledge, and be crowned with honesty. No other is true, and no other can last. Individual tastes may color true criticism, but they cannot obscure it. The man who knows what he sees may put his individual construction on it, but if he is honest his ideas will contain truths worth knowing. Because this man does not think as I do is no reason that he must be a fool. Let me add my ideas to his and see whether we do not mutually improve. Truth has never reason to be ashamed of itself. The world was not built up by liars and fools, but there was not a man who helped to build it who was not mistaken sometimes, and his mistakes brought him no shame if they were honestly made. The only thing infallible that I know of under the sun is death.

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At the rooms of the American Numismatic and Archaeological Society, at 101 East Twentieth street, on the evening of January 28, Mr. Bauman L. Belden, of the Room Committee, read a highly interesting paper on "The Queer Shaped Coins of Asia," illustrated with a number of curious and unique examples. The attendance at the Thursday evening open meetings at the Society's rooms shows a gratifyingly steady increase.

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The late Miss Rebecca Salisbury of Boston has left to the Boston Art Museum her very valuable collection of coins, together with a number of important books on numismatics and \$500 in money for a proper case. The catalogue of the collection makes two good sized volumes. It is particularly rich in European and Oriental coins, but not in classical. It thus complements the Rindge collection, which is rich in the latter respect. The Museum has previously had no coin department, and now that a beginning has been made, it is likely that it will steadily be enriched in this important feature. The Salisbury collection has long been well known among amateurs. It formerly belonged to a Miss Jones, who bequeathed it to Miss Salisbury, in whose hands its development continued. The existence at the Museum of two such important collections—the Rindge collection is loaned—will naturally result in attracting the interest of amateurs in numismatics to the institution.

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The Philadelphians are evidently determined to make the collection of the Drexel Institute worthy of that great city of good living and sedate habits. To his gift of his manuscripts Mr. George W. Childs has added his collection of ivory carvings, numbering about 200 pieces. Each piece is a gem in its way and each is a complete work of art. The pieces include Chinese, Japanese and European examples. In addition to the ivories, Mr. Childs has presented the museum with other articles of interest and value. Among them are a chair from Mount Vernon; a Vernis Martin cabinet; the little harp which Tom Moore carried with him occasionally and strummed while he sang his melodies; and a fine bronze group, by Daudez, showing Guttenburg gazing at a proof which his assistant has just taken in his screw-press; together with some rare bits of ceramic art. What is considered as the finest example of Chinese embroidery in this country is that given by Mrs. George W. Childs. It is a bedspread of satin, elaborately decorated with flowers of bright hues, with a centre circle of golden dragons, indicating that it was intended for some royal household. It was brought from the Vienna Exposition. Another beautiful embroidery which Mrs. Childs presented is a bit of Japanese needlework, adorned with storks. It was presented to her by General Grant, who brought it with him from the Land of the Chrysanthemum. The little folding writing-desk on which Byron wrote "Don Juan," and which Murray, Byron's publisher, gave to Mrs. Childs, has been presented to the museum by her. Mrs. Childs also gave some very beautiful ivory carvings.

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Dr. Edward H. Williams has given to the museum a collection of 550 tea or water pots that represent nearly every pottery and every period of ceramic manufacture in Japan. The collection of the late Lieutenant Allan G. Paul, consisting of fine specimens of Delft and other potteries, has been given by his family. Mrs. Joseph R. Drexel of New York has contributed a large collection of ivories, bric-à-brac, snuffboxes, and other articles of vertu. Colonel A. J. Drexel, a son of the founder of the Institute, has given his exquisite specimens of Algerian arms. These are not many in

number, but each is a perfect work of art. The blunderbusses, guns and pistols are decorated with silver repoussé and filagree work. Some are inlaid with mother-of-pearl; others are damascened. Mr. John R. Drexel, another son of the founder, has presented a set of proof pieces of the Queen's Jubilee coinage. Other contributions have been made by Mr. L. Clarke Davis, by Mr. John A. Johann, by Mr. George F. Tyler and the Burroughs & Mountford Company of Trenton, and still more are promised. The beneficent public spirit which prompted Mr. Anthony J. Drexel to found this important and splendid institution has found a noble response. The foundation of the museum lies in the gifts of Mr. Drexel, largely purchased in London and Paris last summer by Dr. MacAlister, President of the Institute, many of the more rare articles being obtained through C. Purdon Clarke, keeper of the Indian Museum at South Kensington, London. In this collection are European textiles, brocades and velvets, French, German and Italian, from the fourteenth century to the eighteenth century, inclusive; Indian prints, done by hand, including a splendid example forty feet in length; ceramics, metal work, carvings, Damascus ware, Indian carvings by Mohammedans of the sixteenth century period; Persian tiles of the centuries fourteenth to eighteenth, inclusive; French smith work of the time of Louis XIV; pieces of wonderful smith work by Bodart, the present leader in France; old Flemish glassware, in water bottles or caraffes; a seventeenth century doorway, in Indian carving, which is valued at \$1,000; a Flemish cabinet, and many other antiques and valuables. This collection has been supplemented by Mr. Drexel by the gift of the collection which his wife was interested in making at the time of her death. This includes much that is of the highest art in Doulton, Minton and Royal Worcester; Limoges; examples of the best patterns in ware produced by Germany and France, and other pieces of less importance.

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It is but just to state that though the Institute was opened early last month it will be some months yet before the managers will be able to get the collection arranged in the order they intend.

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In Mr. Bernard Quaritch's Rough List 119, for January, are some items of Columbus material that will interest collectors of Americana. They include, the original Columbus letter to Luis de Santangel, Barcelona, April, 1493, which Mr. Quaritch holds at £1,750; the fac simile issued by him in 1891, with the translation of the text and notes, at £2 2s; the 1866 fac simile of the unique Carta de Colon in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, at £2 10s; a photographic fac simile of the first forgery of the Ambrosian letter, which is now in this country, £1 1s; and one of the five impressions of the second forgery of the same document, made in 1891, at £25. This second fac simile Mr. Quaritch states to be "a great improvement on the first forgery," and like it, is a small quarto of 8 pages. An item of interest to portrait collectors in this catalogue is a collection of 3,000 plates, to illustrate Strutt's "Biographical Dictionary," which make up seven volumes, in addition to the two volumes of the "Dictionary" and the extra volume containing engravers omitted by Strutt. The set is held at £500.

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A collection of fifteen pictures, representing the latest work of W. L. Picknell, is now on view at Avery's Galleries. None of these examples of this gifted American artist have been shown before. The subjects include motives of sea and shore and of pure landscape. The special exhibition of Leonard Ochtman's pictures will follow immediately after Mr. Picknell's at these galleries.

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It is one of the wise dispensations of an immutable Fate that selfishness always gets itself paid back in its own coin. The pot-terers of this country are "protected" against foreign art in their line by a duty of sixty per cent; and now they are growling because the Government that protects them has had to send to Limoges to have table-ware made for the White House that could not be manufactured in this country. It makes a deal of difference whose corns are trodden on, even by a kindly, protecting boot.

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The sale of the property occupied by the Schaus Art Gallery, at 204 Fifth avenue, last month, gave rise to a report that the firm was closing out its business. This was entirely untrue. The transaction applied to the property alone, and was a partition sale, necessitated by the settlement of an estate. The lease of Schaus & Co. is independent of the sale, and has yet some years to run, so that there will be no change in the location or business of this old and important house.

The testamentary provisions made for the Metropolitan Museum of Art by Mrs. Elizabeth Underhill Coles will compensate that institution for the loss of Mrs. Robert L. Stuart's collection. Mrs. Coles gives to the Museum \$20,000 in trust, the money to be applied to the organization and maintenance of a gallery or department of the arts to bear the name "Coles," and to be a memorial of Mrs. Coles's deceased son, William F. Coles. There is also given to the museum, for the use of the Coles gallery, or department, all the paintings, statuary, bronzes, and tapestries at 677 Fifth Avenue, valued at several hundred thousand dollars. There is included in the gift two pair of soft paste Sèvres vases, one by Fuchs, with their antique marble pedestals; a pair of malachite and antique serpentine candelabra, and a collection of Roman photographs, bas reliefs, and engravings. In a codicil to the will, Mrs. Coles adds to her gift to the museum a large malachite and bronze table. The slab of malachite of which this table is made, is one of the largest in the world, and the table was originally a present from the Czar of Russia to a United States Minister to St. Petersburg. On the death of the Minister it was sold and was purchased by Mrs. Coles.

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Mrs. Coles's collection is one of the finest in the country, and the collection of tapestries is notable especially because of the exceeding rarity of the examples contained in it. There are over a dozen tapestries in the collection making two principal sets. One represents five scenes in the lives of Antony and Cleopatra, and the other four scenes from Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." The Antony-Cleopatra set includes: 1. The Ambassador of Imperial Rome Demanding the Payment of Tribute by Cleopatra, which she refuses, 13 feet 4 inches by 16 feet 7 inches. 2. First Meeting of Cleopatra and Marc Antony, 13 feet 4 inches by 16 feet 7 inches. 3. Cleopatra Melts in the Drink of Marc Antony a Pearl of Inestimable Value, 13 feet 4 inches by 12 feet 10 inches. 4. The Battle on the Nile—Cleopatra and Marc Antony against Alexander, 13 feet 4 inches by 17 feet 4 1-2 inches. 5. The Death of Cleopatra, 13 feet 4 inches by 10 feet 6 inches. All are woven largely in gold and silver. They were made in Italy late in the sixteenth century or early in the seventeenth century, and are valued at \$50,000 for the set. Originally they hung in the palace of the mad King of Bavaria, and were sold after that eccentric monarch committed suicide. There is no duplicate of the set in the world, and that fact adds considerably to their value. A duplicate of a portion of the set is in the palace of the King of Spain, but those tapestries lack the gold and silver in the web, and they are thus worth much less. The "Jerusalem Delivered" set is composed of Gobelins. They were once in the palace of the Duke of Hamilton, and are the only set extant. They are valued at \$10,000 per piece. The pieces are much larger than those in the Antony-Cleopatra set, being about 15 feet by 20 feet. Besides these two rare sets there are several single tapestries of large price. One is a genuine Bouvier, 125 years old, and is valued at \$6,000. Another rare piece dates from the early Renaissance period, and is of Flemish manufacture. It is one of the finest specimens of Flemish work in existence, and is valued at \$5,000. There is also a Gobelin tapestry containing a striking likeness of Catharine of Russia, valued at \$10,000.

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The collection of paintings contains about twenty-five examples of modern masters, and ranks next to the tapestries in value. Mrs. Coles was not partial to the old masters, and bought her paintings rather to satisfy her eye than to perpetuate the fame of the great painters of bygone centuries. The finest painting in her collection is a small Meissonier, "The Reader," representing a student reading in a library. It is only 6 or 7 inches square, and cost Mrs. Coles \$22,000. Another painting, by Rosa Bonheur, of deer in the forest, is valued at \$10,000. There is a small figure piece by Cabanel, worth \$2,500. The largest painting in the collection is by Carl Becker, and cost \$15,000. It represents a court scene. Hanging in the parlor is a portrait of George Washington, painted by Gilbert Stuart, and valued at \$2,500. Another picture is a farm-yard scene by Defaux, worth several thousand dollars. There is a small landscape by Dupré, a bunch of roses by Robie, and a large painting by Artz, entitled "The First Step." Portraits of Mrs. Coles, of her husband and her son, also form part of the collection. They are from the brush of Mr. Daniel Huntington. Among pieces of modern statuary are several of great value, and the bequest includes four matchless panels of Capo di Monti, representing Bacchic scenes.

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Still other features of this magnificent gift are bronze and malachite objects of great rarity and price. A parlor set of furniture authenticated from the possession of Napoleon I., a Boule

escroitoire of his best period, several pairs of Sèvres, beside the soft-paste already noted, and a set of Chinese embroidered curtains, ten in all, showing a peacock motive on blue silk, which were purchased at the Paris Exposition. Among the various articles are prize pieces, from the San Donato, Hamilton Palace, and other great sales.

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Mrs. Coles commemorates her son's membership of the Genealogical and Biographical Society by a bequest of \$20,000, and her will makes other donations of proportionate generosity to churches and institutions.

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Of this lady herself, it may be said that she was the widow of William F. Coles, who died in 1865 leaving an only son and a large fortune, chiefly in valuable downtown real estate. Mrs. Coles herself was a member of an old Long Island family. The death of her son left her childless in her later years, and she had reached the age of seventy-eight when she died at the end of December last. She diverted the solitude of her declining years with her collections. Having built the spacious mansion in which she breathed her last, she proceeded to make a properly sumptuous home of it. She was a collector by instinct and inclination, and bought with rare judgment and good taste, so that although she spent a fortune in decorating her house, she endowed it with a collection of objects which will be a credit to the Metropolitan Museum. Very many of the articles in her collection have trebled in value since she bought them. This is particularly true of her tapestries, which are a collection in themselves.

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It is announced from Philadelphia that the coinage of the new-design half-dollars has been suspended indefinitely at the Mint by orders from the Treasury Department. The suspension is due, Col. Bosbyshell, the Superintendent, says, to the fact that the Treasury now has a supply of half-dollars on hand sufficient to supply the demand for coins of this value. "The demand is for quarters and dimes," said he, "and we shall go on coining them as rapidly as we have been doing since the new year opened. There is nothing the matter with the design; the coins are all right." As a matter of fact, however, there is a great deal the matter with the designs. They would be a disgrace to a brass-button factory; and when it comes to their intrinsic value, as metal in the market, the coins are all wrong, too.

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The illness of Colonel Thomas F. Devoe threatens the removal from this community of an industrious and noteworthy member. Colonel Devoe is an old New Yorker, having come to this city when a boy from Yonkers, where he was born. He settled in the Ninth Ward, and gained a comfortable fortune from business as a butcher in Jefferson Market. Always addicted to reading and local research, he gathered in time one of the finest libraries of ancient New York in existence. For many years he collected books and reports, and he has a collection of newspaper clippings referring to local matters which is invaluable. He has written several valuable works, of which his history of the markets of New York is probably the most important. He has done other service to the city besides writing about it, too. When the Tweed ring was exposed, and Mr. Andrew H. Green was made Comptroller, he placed Colonel Devoe in charge of the Market Department, and he remained in charge until Comptroller Green retired, when he resigned, but was immediately reappointed by Comptroller Allen Campbell. When Comptroller Campbell retired, Colonel Devoe's duties ended. He had made a great change in the management of the markets during his *régime*, and was highly complimented for his work.

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The fourteenth exhibition of the Society of American Artists will be held at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, beginning on May 2 and closing on May 28. Word must be sent in of all pictures to be offered not later than April 16, and the works themselves will be received on April 19 and 20. In addition to the annual Webb prize of \$300 for the best landscape in the exhibition painted by an American artist under 40 years of age, the Shaw Fund prize of \$1,000 will be devoted for the first time this year to the purchase of one figure composition painted in oil by an American artist, to be selected by the jury from the works in this exhibition. The picture thus chosen will become the property of Mr. Samuel T. Shaw, the donor of the fund. Mr. Shaw's prize is a pretty safe investment for him, and under the rules it is difficult to see why it should be called a prize at all. The only loser by it will be the artist who may be compelled to let a picture worth a couple of thousand dollars go to the generous donor for half its value.

Mr. Henry G. Marquand has added to his gifts to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, one of \$50,000 in bonds, the proceeds of which are to be applied to supplying deficits in the expenses of the institution over which he presides. The gift was made through Gen. di Cesnola, and with a charge of secrecy regarding it, but as usual in such matters it leaked out. "Mr. Marquand is constantly giving something to the museum," Gen. di Cesnola said to a reporter of the *New York Times*, "and this recent gift is not a surprise. Mr. Marquand sees further into the future of the museum than any other man. He really gives more than he ought." Gen. di Cesnola said the \$50,000 which Mrs. Robert L. Stuart had proposed to give to the museum on condition that it be closed on Sundays was only a small part of what she might have contributed. She had once proposed to leave a large share of her collection of paintings, valued at perhaps \$300,000, to the museum, and had conferred with him on that point. He had told her the Trustees could not by any action bind the action of future boards. He proposed, however, that her collection be put into two rooms, and assured Mrs. Stuart that those rooms would be kept shut on Sundays. She had told him that she would consider the matter, and that was the last of it until the filing of her will made it known that she had bestowed her gift elsewhere. Not only these paintings, Gen. di Cesnola said, but at least three or four other collections would be lost to the museum through the recent change in the regulations opening the museum on Sundays. He knew of four, he was pretty certain, and one or two of them were larger and more valuable than that of Mrs. Stuart, which would go elsewhere. The question of keeping the museum open on Sundays permanently, Gen. di Cesnola said, was by no means settled. It would be considered at the annual meeting of the Trustees, the third Monday of February. The experience of the past months in which the museum has been open every day in the week, would be set forth in detail, and there would be a discussion, based to some extent on that, which would go a long way toward settling the future policy.

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The annual report now being prepared will show that more than forty gifts had been received during the year. The total attendance had been a little more than 901,200. Among the gifts the principal ones were those made by E. C. Moore and Mrs. Elizabeth Coles. One great need of the museum is a fund with which to keep the works of art in repair. In addition to the expense for help, the museum is a constant drain on the available cash for this purpose. The works must be preserved for all time, and to do this they must frequently be retouched and reinforced, for they, like everything else, are subject to a species of wear and tear. It has been such a frequent occurrence as to have become almost the annual custom for the directors to put their hands down into their own pockets and help out, but some day this will be an impossibility, because as the collections grow the expenses become greater while receipts are not proportionately large.

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The next sale of Ortgies & Co. will be that of the works of F. K. M. Rehn, an American painter of marines and landscapes of original style and eminent merit. It will occupy two evenings. The great sale of the season at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries will undoubtedly be that of the collection of Mr. J. Abner Harper. Mr. Harper is known as a connoisseur of the first order. His collection is, literally, a series of gems. The mere fact that a picture has belonged to him will render it desirable to other collectors, since his ownership of it is a definitive stamp of judicious approval. The knowledge that the sale will be absolute will also encourage collectors. There will be lively bidding for Mr. Harper's pictures, and high prices will be the rule.

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An interesting sale at the Fifth Avenue Auction Rooms should be that of the D. F. Hasbrouck collection, on February 4th and 5th. There are some very fine works in the list.

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Henry R. Blaney, the etcher, of Boston, has issued a set of five plates, from his own sketches on the spot, of the cathedral at Havana, where the tomb of Columbus is, the Columbus monument at Genoa, the house in which the explorer died, the armor of Columbus, in the Naval Museum at Madrid, and a Cuban river scene. The plates measure 4x6 inches, and are each accompanied by a description. Another set in the same dimensions consists of five scenes in Hayti, Santo Domingo, Cuba, etc., and is called "In the Footsteps of Columbus." "Old Boston," by the same artist, is a set of fifty plates of the ancient historical buildings of that city, varying from 4x6 to 6x8 inches, and a set of six plates 6x8 inches illustrates the Boston streets of to-day.



Among fine recent publications at Mr. J. W. Bouton's is to be specially noted a magnificent folio "Les Sarions," illustrated by Lhermitte, Giacomelli, Marold and Reichan. The first named artist contributes a series of noble wood-cuts after charcoal drawings of the months, showing a succession of rural scenes as fine as anything Millet ever did, and much more powerful and sympathetic than the similar compositions of Jules Breton. Another beautiful book on Mr. Bouton's counter is a "Daphnis and Chloe," by Longus, exquisitely illustrated by Rossi and Conconi, which forms part of the collection Guillaume, and comes from the Flammarion press.

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As was to have been anticipated, the sale of Mr. J. G. Brown's pictures proved a pecuniary success. Mr. Brown is one of the men to whom our art owes its greatest glory. He does not paint to suit some painters, but his work will leave an impress on our time when that of most of his detractors is forgotten. Although not of American birth he is thoroughly American in spirit, and his allegiance to our national art is absolute. The result of the auction at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries is no more than this sincere and distinguished veteran of the palette deserves.

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An elaborately illustrated descriptive catalogue of the remarkable collection of oriental ceramics, etc., made by Professor Edward Morse, of Salem, Mass., is in preparation by L. Prang & Co. The same house is completing a set of superb lithographs to illustrate the orientalia in the collection of Mr. William T. Walters, of Baltimore, for a work of private issue by the owner. The catalogue of Professor Morse's collection is to be issued by subscription among our amateurs.

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The important collection of paintings lately on exhibition at the International Art Gallery, the private property of Mr. William Schaus, is to be sold at auction on March the 8th by Messrs. Ortgies & Co. The sale is to be without reserve.

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On January 25th the New York Philatelic Society celebrated its first anniversary in its rooms at 25 Ann street. A collation was spread for the members and their guests, and the seventy-five persons who attended succeeded in extracting much enjoyment from the occasion. The society now numbers about one hundred members, and is of steady growth in its membership.

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The Twenty-fifth Annual Exhibition of the American Water Color Society, with an annex of the New York Etching Club, is now open at the National Academy of Design in this city. It is a fine display, and one which no lover of art can afford, for his own sake, to miss.

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I must take this occasion to finally notify subscribers who have written me with regard to an index to the first two years' issues of THE COLLECTOR, that it is impossible for me to provide one. The amount and variety of matter printed in this paper, in which often very important items are held in a few lines, would necessitate the compilation of an index equivalent to an extra issue of this journal, in order to have the index properly effective. I might make up a partial list of heads, but this would be worse than none at all, since it would not give the reader full reference to the contents of his volume. There is more original and selected matter printed in THE COLLECTOR, in a condensed but carefully revised form, in a year, than in any weekly journal—artistic, literary or otherwise—in the world. I have no doubt that readers who have followed me page by page will appreciate and acknowledge this fact. To index such an enormous mass of individual items and references in such a fashion as to have the work worth doing, is beyond the resources of the paper. I can only say that if THE COLLECTOR at \$2 per annum is not worth reading without an index it is not worth reading at all.

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For the information of inquiring readers, I would state that the sale of old masters alluded to in the last issue of THE COLLECTOR, will be made by the American Art Association, 6 East 23d street, this city, from whom catalogues may be had in the proper time.

### "BABY"

EVERYBODY has a fellow-feeling for babies, even if he hasn't one of his own. Consequently I can confidently recommend the charming little illustrated journal of that title, which has just made its appearance and samples of which may be had by addressing the Baby Publishing Company, 907 Broadway, New York City. N.B.—I may add that in spite of its title there is nothing childish about the editing of this publication.

## PRIVATE LIBRARIES OF ST. LOUIS

W. J. GILBERT, the law book publisher, has an exceedingly valuable library of several thousand volumes, its chief feature being artistically-illustrated works.

Colonel George E. Leighton has a choice American library, including many rare volumes.

Dr. T. M. Post delights in a fine collection of books, running largely to theology and history.

H. W. Williams possesses an excellent Napoleonic library, including nearly everything printed on Napoleon.

George E. Seymoure has a miscellaneous and historical library of great value.

Dr. W. J. Snyder's handsome collection is classical, and embraces many rare German and French works.

Judge Amos Thayer has a well-selected miscellaneous and law library to which he is greatly devoted.

C. W. Brown has a good miscellaneous library that runs largely to oratory.

Dr. Horace H. Morgan has a rare selection of miscellaneous books, mostly on English, German and French literature, with the history of the United States and Shakespeare constituting prominent features.

Dr. R. A. Holland has a good miscellaneous and theological library.

William M. Bryant's large collection of well-bound volumes runs mostly to metaphysics.

Dr. Warren G. Priest has a library of some 2,000 carefully-selected books embracing poetry, art, science, fiction, histories, essays, voyages, travels, and the ancient classics, the leading feature being Napoleonic and numbering nearly 500 volumes.

Dr. Charles T. Remme has most everything that is worth reading in the medical line, having made many of his purchases while abroad.

Frank Ryan, the attorney, has a remarkable collection of philosophical works, and the most extensive array of poetical productions in the country.

William McBlair has a small library, comparatively speaking, but most admirably selected.

Ben Finney is one of the best Shakespearean scholars in the city, and has a collection of works on the bard of rare value.

D. C. Ball has a rare miscellaneous library, with encyclopedias and poetical works leading features. He also possesses two or three Italian works, printed in the Sixteenth Century, at the very dawn of the "art preservative."

Judge J. G. Woerner has an excellent library, with dramatic literature as a leading feature.

Dr. Abram Sitton's collection of valuable books are mostly on chemistry.

Prof. E. T. Jewett, United States Assayer, and F. C. Weslezenus each have a valuable library that they take great pride in.

M. J. Murphy, the Street Commissioner, has long been engaged in collecting a library, and now has a miscellaneous collection that would be hard to duplicate.

Prof. Soldan's handsome library embraces hundreds of the German classics and many French books.

Daniel Catlin has an exceptionally fine library.

William Fogel, a retired newspaper man, has been buying books for forty years, and now possesses a valuable collection.

William R. Donaldson has a grand collection of books, having come into possession of the large and choice collection of the late Hon. Thomas Allen, his father-in-law.

Estil McHenry is the happy possessor of the magnificent library of the world-renowned engineer, James B. Eads.

Archbishop P. R. Kenrick has, perhaps, one of the finest private libraries in the West.

Richard T. Ennis is the owner of a grand array of books and many of great value.

Among others who possess more or less noted collections of books are: Prof. James K. Hosmer, Mrs. Beverly Allen, Dr. G. Baumgarten, A. F. Blaisdell, E. A. Hitchcock, Dr. John Green, George S. Edgell, James S. Garland, William J. Glasgow, Dr. W. E. Fischel, H. L. Dousman, Eugene Cuendet, E. C. Coleman, Mrs. J. J. Cole, Henry B. Davis, Dr. Charles A. Todd, Judge Thomas J. Portis, Clarence Hodge, Mrs. G. L. Hughes, Halsey C. Ives, Mrs. R. J. Lackland, Rev. J. C. Learned, J. H. Lionberger, Henry Lucas, Gustave V. R. Mechin, James O'Fallon, Charles H. Turner, Judge S. D. Thompson.

A special exhibition of the recent works of H. W. Ranger is now in preparation at the galleries of M. Knoedler & Co., 170 Fifth avenue, this city.